

SERIAL STORY

The Women's Candidate

By BYRON WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS.

In a spirit of fun Mayor Bedright, a summer visitor, is chased through the woods by ten laughing girls, one of whom he catches and kisses. The girls form themselves into a court and sentence him to do the bidding of one of their number each day for ten days. A legislative measure opposing woman suffrage, which dropped from the mayor's pocket, is used to compel him to obey the mandates of the girls. His first day of service is with May Andrews, who takes him fishing. They are threatened by the sheriff with arrest. Miss Vining sees what she considers a clandestine meeting between one of the girls and the mayor. The next day he goes driving with Mabel Arney. They meet with an accident, are arrested and locked up, but escape. The mayor returns to the hotel, finds the sheriff waiting for him, and takes refuge in the room of Miss Vining. He goes to get possession of the incriminating bill. With Harriet Brooks the mayor goes to investigate an Indian mowing. They are caught in a thunder storm. Returning late, he has rather a stormy interview with "Judge" Vining, who seeks to find out who returned to the hotel with him. Thursday was Mayor Bedright's day of attendance upon Margaret Farnsworth. She decoys him into a cabin in the woods, and he is made a prisoner by the game warden. He is later released by one of the girls.

CHAPTER X.

Instead of leaving the vicinity of the cabin after being liberated, Bedright closed the door and replaced the bar. Drifting back into the bushes, he waited. An hour passed and then came voices and rustling in the wood. Soon the game warden and two deputies hove into view. The warden's face was flushed with excitement as he strode along in advance of his men.

Approaching the door, he called out:

"Will ye surrender peaceable and come out o' there, or shall I come in an' git ye?"

From within there emanated no answering voice. Out in the bushes, twenty feet away, Bedright waited, tensely.

"Come on out; the door's unlocked," shouted the warden.

Still no answer.

"Gee darn ye; I'll show ye. Come on in, fellers," bawled the officer, throwing open the door and dashing into the cabin, followed by his deputies.

With an agile spring, Bedright left the clump of bushes and dashed for the door. The warden saw him coming and sprang to meet him—but too late! Slamming the door shut, the mayor shot the bar home.

He could hear the strenuous objections of the prisoners as he hurried away, making a detour to a farmer's house, where he hoped to secure something to eat. A ruddy-cheeked farmer's wife fed him bountifully and protested at the unnecessary size of the coin he gave her for his dinner and a basket of provisions, with which he set out for the cabin.

Reaching the wood-chopper's hut, in which two hours previous he had been a prisoner, he rapped on the door.

"Whoever's there," cried an excited voice within, "let us out!"

"Break the glass in the window," directed the mayor, his face illumined with smiles, "and eat out of my hand!"

A growl of mingled disappointment and relief preceded the shattering of the glass. Bedright held his basket on his left arm and began passing provisions through the aperture.

"Good grub, this, boys," he chuckled. "I serve excellent meals at both my boarding houses. I'll bring you tobacco tomorrow night. Just you make yourselves comfortable. How would you like a deck of cards?"

It was dark when Bedright reached Squirrel Inn and slipped unobserved to his room.

When Jackie Vining came down at six next morning to take a constitutional before breakfast the mayor sat in an easy chair on the veranda, smoking his favorite pipe.

"Will you kindly tell Miss Mason that I am waiting her commands?" he asked easily, with no trace of resentment in his voice.

"I was going to liberate you this morning," she said, simply, trying to hide her surprise.

"Oh, I got out last night, thank you. I'm particular about my own bed. Never could sleep well in a strange bunk," laughing.

After breakfast Alice Mason, the girl appointed by the court to defend Bedright on the occasion of his trial, called him aside.

"As your attorney, I am led to offer you your freedom today. I want to go to Lakeville for some cold cream, and if you will ride to the Four Corners with me, I will let you escape to your own devices. It is not always that an attorney can vouch for his

client, but I am willing to take a chance on you," confidently. "And besides, these girls have been badgering the life out of you. It's time somebody took pity," laughing.

The mayor put his lips close to the girl's rosy ear.

"Honest," he said, "hope to die, I've never had so much fun in all my life—but that bill business is dangerous, and I'd like to get through with the ordeal honorably. I can use today, and as a small expression of my gratitude, I'll send you the jolliest big box of candy in Chicago as I pass through."

"Thank you," she said, her eyes dancing. "I'll leave the selection to you."

An hour later Bedright, astride a good horse, was galloping toward Hordeau, a railroad crossing ten miles to the north. Arriving at the station he sent a telegram, ate a typical meal at a typical country hotel, and started back. He reached the cross roads at dusk and let his tired mount plod leisurely homeward.

Saturday morning broke clear and tense after a sweltering night. The sun was copper colored and the leaves upon the crest, where they were wont to bow and curtsy to the zephyr's breath, hung listless in the shimmering heat. At breakfast, none looked refreshed and Miss Host complained of drought. Pauline, the cook, whose eggs were always soft-boiled to a creamy elasticity and whose toast was ever golden brown and delicious, fretted the former into blue-black globules surrounded by leathery gelatine, while the latter was burned and desiccated to a hard-tack condition decidedly disappointing to her usually delighted followers. The thermometer, to all intents and purposes, was so basely ambitious as to seemingly have no other desire than to climb higher and higher in its relentless rise.

"Come on, Mr. Bedright," exclaimed Molly McConnell, "row me over to Waxelbaum's Point. I want to sketch La Veck's cabin, the remaining relic of what was once the oldest trading post in the state. It is tumbledown and ramshackle and will make a fine study. I was by there a week ago on a calm day and the reflection in the placid water was almost as realistic as the old log-pile itself. A photograph taken when I saw the cabin would puzzle the beholder to tell which was the cabin and which the reflection. Today promises to be still and bids fair to afford me an opportunity to get just the right atmosphere. I'll be ready in ten minutes."

She came down to the dock, her black eyes dancing in anticipation. Bedright packed her outfit in the prow of the boat along with the lunch basket, held the boat firmly against the dock as she put her dainty foot upon the stern step, and dipped gracefully into position, a magazine under her arm and a camera slung across her shoulder.

As the mayor took the oars he looked at her—bareheaded, her lustrous black locks defying the sun, her full tempting lips shaping a perfect cupid's bow, a saucy little dimple on each side of a well-rounded cheek, and teeth as white as milk-coral through which the laughter trilled and rippled like a singing spring across its minty way.

Surely a man might well be sentenced for life to such a woman's whim, while but a day's service were as an hour in Naples after a hard passage!

Molly McConnell had one of those daring, unconventional temperaments that bespoke a woman of full blood and spirit, a being of beauty and grace and voluptuous constancy. To the man she would be all in all, reigning queen of his heart, laughing at affinities, scorning jealousies, holding him secure with her mental and physical charms.

The lake was calm and through its mirrored depths long strands of weed and marsh grass could be seen streaming upward in the shallow places. Not even a ripple stirred the surface and the sun reflected from the sheening



Cleo Summers.

waters, glowed heatedly upon the faces of the two in the boat—the girl with hair like the night and eyes of liquid velvet, the man with a sentence to serve in the Garden of Eden with a pipkin for the forbidden fruit.

The mayor rested on his oars and mopped his sweating brow. The girl's eyes danced.

"And now," she babbled, "you are in a position to appreciate the arduous life of the galley slave. Row on, my man!"

"O, that this were the river of Life!" countered Bedright, matching the woman's trippery.

"One of the obligations imposed upon you by the 'Judge,'" solemnly,

"was not to propose marriage or play the role of Lothario. I trust your intentions toward me are like the Christmas snow—simply another layer of white purity!"

"Pray do not tempt me, Eve," he said; "a boat is fully as perilous for loving as a flat for matrimony."

Her merry laughter rippled out across the water from a throat as shapely as an artist's model. Her neck, browned from the life at Squirrel Inn, was full and moulded free of hollow dips.

"O, you old Adam!" she giggled, "don't you know that the price of apples has gone up—away up—since our mothers quit sewing carpet-rags and spinning flax. It takes a man with a head these days to keep my lady gratified."

"Apples, say the physicians, are necessary to the human system. And I may point also to a higher authority who has said it is not good for man to dwell alone! As for the price, was there ever an Adam who thought of this?"

"Not until the baby needed shoes!" agreed the woman, letting her hand ripple the water over the rail. "Many an Adam has asked his Eve to fly with him and, after the flight couldn't buy a curry of chicken wings in a Boston restaurant!"

The mayor smiled. "Marriage as it is practiced," he commented, "is a bigger gamble than the board of trade—and twice as interesting."

The boat glided onward across the sleeping waters, leaving a V-shaped ripple in its wake. Traversing the lake, Bedright pulled through a narrow neck that connected Goose Lake with



"I'll Bring You Tobacco Tomorrow Night."

the main body of Sylvan. The view was enchanting—pine, cedar and hemlock, birch and maple varied the shores and green bushes trailed their drooping tendrils in the cool waters. La Veck's cabin came into view, situated upon a knoll beside the lake, a picturesque pile of the lumber-jack days. About its tumbled sides the wild amplexes of scrambling, and rag-weed flourished in the clearing. The mayor drew the skiff upon the shore, carried the girl's easel, box and camp chair to a spot designated and stood by for orders.

"Can you make coffee?" asked Miss McConnell, as she got out the canvas and prepared to begin the sketch.

"In these days of the new woman," he said, banteringly, "man has come to recognize in a kindlier light the ladylike art of cooking. Fair enchantress, I can make coffee fit for the gods, but woman's dainty hand must pour, else it loses its flavor."

"Very well," she said, "now run away and forget me until the coffee is boiling in the pot."

Bedright turned to the forest's fringe and began gathering firewood. When he called, she came promptly. "Man," she said, "has caused many a divorce by not coming to dinner when he is called. Nothing so nettles a woman as to wait meals. Knowing this, I make haste."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Disarming Powers of Evil.

A very interesting custom has just been carried out by the Arab population of Tripoli. Several huge cranes for salvage work recently arrived there from Genoa, but before any of the 500 Arab workmen could be induced to start operations, the Moslem priests were summoned. Then began the celebration of an elaborate rite, during which a large number of young lambs were immolated on the altar. The new salvage plant was smeared from top to bottom by the priests with the blood of the victims, and the ceremony concluded with a sacred dance around the cranes. After this the Arabs set themselves joyfully to work in the assurance that the powers of evil had been effectively paralyzed.

Ever See a Frog's Nest?

In Brazil there exists a species of tree frog (Hyla faber) which constructs in the water a curious nest, or fortification, to protect its eggs and its young from the attacks of fish. Starting at the bottom of a pond, the mother frog erects a circular, tubelike wall of mud, which at the top projects above the surface of the water, where it bears some resemblance to the crater of a miniature volcano. In the water thus enclosed the eggs are laid, and when they have hatched out the young frogs are secure from enemies until they are able to take care of themselves. In the meantime the parents remain in the neighborhood as if on guard.

GEORGE GOULD AND HIS FAMILY



This interesting photograph of George Gould and his family was taken just after the marriage of his sister, Helen, to Mr. Shepard. The two girls are, from left to right, Gloria and Edith.

LIKE JEAN VALJEAN

Boy Escapes Reformatory and Turns Over New Leaf.

Youth, Now Married, Writes Mother—Superintendent of School He Escaped From Causes His Arrest and Governor Is Asked to Pardon.

Denver, Colo.—Victor Hugo's story of Jean Valjean in "Les Miserables" is duplicated in many of the circumstances surrounding an eighteen-year-old Colorado boy who three years ago ran away from the industrial school at Golden, worked himself into a good position and then, a year after he had been married to a Des Moines, Iowa, girl, found his past rising behind him, relentless as Hugo's Inspector Javert.

Six years ago Rosale E. Sheldon's father died at Glenwood Springs. A year later the boy was sent to the industrial school for boys at Golden as incorrigible. The intervening year the mother had lost all control over him and it was at her request that he was taken in charge by the state.

The state made a poor job of reforming Sheldon. His method of curing high spirits did not succeed, and Sheldon ran away. The first few times he ran away he was caught and brought back. Early in 1910 he managed to slip away and stay lost. The officers looked for him a few weeks and then gave up the search, although they did not forget.

Sheldon went to Des Moines, Iowa, and there started out to do what the big state of Colorado had not been able to do. He started out to reform himself.

He got a job in the big Cowlie glove factory at \$10 a week, commenced to save his money and to go to night school. Before long his salary was raised, and then pretty soon it was raised again, and he was given a responsible position.

A little more than a year ago he met and fell in love with the daughter of a Des Moines business man. The two were married and started housekeeping. Sheldon was so happy that he wrote to his mother in Denver to tell her about his wife and the baby had just come. He told her the new name he had taken when he ran away from the reform school.

The mother told some of her friends, Sheldon's younger brother, now in the school, heard where his brother was, and through some of these sources Superintendent Fred L. Paddelford of the industrial school board heard where his runaway had gone.

It was not long thereafter that Chief of Detectives Johnson of Des Moines arrested Sheldon and took him to jail. Sheldon told the story to the detective and begged to be released. Dispatches that carried the story did not state whether the detective had ever heard of Jean Valjean and the good bishop, but it is in the role of the bishop that Detective Johnson figures from now on.

He promised the boy that although he couldn't let him go he would take an appeal direct to the governor of Colorado and ask him to grant a pardon to the runaway boy who had made good.

Governor Shafroth said that he would act in the case as soon as it was officially called to his attention and would take whatever action the facts might warrant.

Superintendent Fred L. Paddelford of the school declared that the boy must be returned to the school "for the sake of discipline."

prevent the boys running away whenever they get tired of staying in to make severe example of them when they are caught.

"If Sheldon were made an exception the chances are that all the boys would plan to run away and get married."

PLAN TO SEE WHITE ESKIMOS

Rev. W. H. Fry and Party of Natives to Visit Strange Tribe Discovered by Steffansson.

Edmonton, Alberta.—Bishop Stringer of the Yukon diocese, the largest in the dominion, who is returning to his post in the north country, announced that Rev. W. H. Fry and 12 natives are on the way to Coronation Gulf, near the mouth of the Copper Mine river, to visit a tribe of white Eskimos discovered by Steffansson, an explorer. It is expected that the party will reach the gulf next October, before the close of navigation.

The bishop has no doubt there are other tribes of Eskimos in the far north. He was stationed on Herschel Island seven years and has been as far north as 73 degrees latitude on a whaling trip. At times the thermometer registered 63 below. He has also visited many hitherto unknown places in northern Canada, suffering hardships and endangering his life on numerous occasions.

NEW YORK CAPITAL OF VICE

S. H. London So Calls It—Finds 6,100 Men Take Profits of 26,000 Women.

New York.—With his evidence reduced to the matter of fact form of a card index, Samuel H. London, formerly prosecuting attorney of El Paso, Tex., who said he was semi-

RESENT TAX IN GERMANY

Complaint by Foreigners on New Insurance Levy—Workers Especially Feel Burden.

Berlin.—Foreigners employed in Berlin and other German cities whose salary or income is \$100 a month or less are complaining bitterly over the new government insurance law which went into effect the first of the year.

This new law suspends all private sick insurance, which is replaced by a government insurance system. It is compulsory on foreigners residing in the empire as well as on Germans. So far as foreigners are concerned, it affects principally teachers, government employees, etc. The annual cost varies from \$5 a year for those whose salary does not exceed \$125 a year to \$78 annual premium for those whose salary is between \$80 and \$100 a month.

The law provides that half of the cost of insurance must be paid by the employer and half by the insured. As a salary of \$100 a month also calls for an annual income tax of \$70, such an employee is compelled to pay \$9 a month for tax and insurance.

Should the insured leave Germany permanently during the first ten years he has no claim for the return of premiums paid and loses his rights to benefit under the act. As the majority of foreigners remain only two or three years, coming largely for the purpose of studying, few will have claims on the premiums paid.

Only such persons as were insured in foreign insurance companies doing business in Germany are exempted from the provisions of the law. There is but one American company doing business in Germany.

officially connected with the department of justice at Washington, has laid before the aldermanic committee which is investigating police conditions here the result of his seven years' study of the white slave traffic. He called New York the capital of commercialized vice and said that, with the assistance of fourteen agents placed at his disposal by the government, he had carried on investigations "from Fairbanks in Alaska to the canal zone."

Mr. London declared that his census in New York revealed that there were 6,100 men profiting from commercialized vice, in which 26,000 women were involved. He charged that the police officials aided the traffickers. He believed that only individual policemen were concerned in the business and doubted that the number of these officers would exceed 100 out of 10,000 men on the force.

FINGER PRINT IS OUTDONE

Accused Burglar Comes to Grief in France When Imprint of Tooth in Butter Is Viewed.

Paris.—Even the finger-print method of obtaining evidence against criminals has been excelled by the police in establishing a burglar's identity from the tooth marks which he left in a pat of butter.

Pierre Bassaud, held on a charge of burglary, broke into his former employer's premises at Montreuil-Sous-Bois. Failing to discover any valuables, he went to the kitchen and had a feast. When arrested he denied the charge, but the police found the marks of his teeth, including one which was broken, exactly reproduced in a lump of butter into which he had probably bitten by mistake in the dark.

Bassaud still protested his innocence, but when the magistrate before whom he was arraigned, sent for some butter and made the prisoner bite into it, the same irregular impression was obtained.

FALLS OFF TRAIN; IS LUCKY

St. Louis Orphan Lad Has an Extraordinary Experience on Kansas Railroad.

Strong City, Kan.—When Harry O'Brien, a fourteen-year-old orphan from St. Louis, tumbled from the blind baggage of a train running at a thirty mile an hour clip here, he did not know that he was dropping into a home where he would be cherished and loved. Charles Beach, city marshal here, picked O'Brien up, bruised and bleeding, and took him to his house to give him care. So attached did Marshal Beach and his wife become to the boy that they decided to keep him, and announced that they probably would adopt him.

O'Brien, with a companion, Ernest Stone, was beating his way to Tulsa, Okla., where Stone's grandmother lives. Stone, who was not hurt, continued the journey to Tulsa on a ticket purchased for him by merchants.

BURNING COAL FIELD FOUND

Seams of Blazing Fuel Discovered in Duchy of Altenburg, Germany.

Berlin.—What is described as a burning coal field has been discovered at Haselbach, in the duchy of Altenburg. Engineers declare that the fire beneath the ground has been going on for years. Mysterious flames appeared beneath a factory and shafts were sunk. At a depth of 18 feet seams of blazing coal were encountered.